

Star Wars

Wizard's RPG Stories

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Insider

By Morrie Mullins

All sorts of rumors begin on the holonet. Some are benign enough. Others have the potential to make even the most battle-hardened of Cularin's heroes a little nervous, especially when the truth remains hidden behind whispers and innuendo.

<<posttime 02:41:39>>

<<postdate [yesterday]>>

<<userid insldr>>

<<postloc Cularin holonet node ln5.167>>

Sot-sirc is in Cularin.

I had originally thought to end my post with that statement. He is here. At least, I think Sot-sirc is a "he," but he might be "she." No one knows who he is or what he looks like. No one meets him. He shows up somewhere, does "a job," and then is gone. The only evidence that he's ever been in a system is that things have changed. It's almost never for the best.

If he (I'm going to refer to Sot-sirc as a male, if for no other reason than because I give most females I've known too much intellectual credit to be this devious) comes to a system, it's not usually for violent reasons. He's not an assassin -- far from it. Not to say that he can't handle himself in a fight. There's probably a reason nobody alive can identify him, when in a galaxy this big, someone has to have seen his face at some point. But he doesn't broker in death. He brokers in information, and he has a knack for obtaining anything anyone wants. If it can be known, he can find it out.

Nobody knows all the channels he uses. He uses them as well as anyone, though. He has contacts in every corner of the underworld. The Hutts pay him double what they pay any of their local agents without thinking twice. He's gathered data for Jedi Masters and, recently, for the Supreme Chancellor himself.

Or at least, that's how the rumors go. Depending on whom you believe, at any point in time he might be at any three places in the galaxy. And whether or not he's there, things happen. Local governments fall. Politicians and leaders of business take early retirements and move far, far away. One corporation rises to the top while its competitors fall by the wayside, one at a time. Slicers and thrill-seekers and xenoarchaeologists all turn to Sot-sirc when they're in need of better means with which to do their jobs. He has

something to offer everyone.

Having him show up anywhere is a sign that something big is about to happen. Things are going to change in unpredictable ways. And, most likely, he'll have something to do with them.

That's all pretty general, though. Here's a story that may help you understand exactly what it means to have Sot-sirc nearby.

Fifteen years ago - - give or take - - someone started querying xenoarchaeological back-channels. If you know where to look, there are all sorts of questions being asked. Questions like, "Where is Darth Bane's crypt?" Or, "Does the lightsaber wielded by Master Bor-Kal Vuluk at the battle of Ruusan still exist?" Or even questions that don't involve Force-users, but let's face it - - that's what everybody wants to know about.

That was the case here, too. Somebody had stumbled across a reference to some artifact or other, some sort of powerful Force-woobie, and wanted to find out where it was. There was a little on it in the Jedi archives, but let's just say that the person looking for the information was not a Jedi. So getting there was going to take some powerful manipulating of people who aren't so easily manipulated.

It wasn't going to be enough, though. Because for all the Jedi knew about this artifact, they didn't know where it was, and they knew only a little about where it had been or what it had done. There are thousands of such objects, creations with important, indistinct pasts that have been locked away from the galaxy, all but forgotten. Some of them stay that way - - hidden, forgotten. This one didn't.

The trail for this particular object led to Cularin, where it ended. The client made it this far, but no further, and settled in. Searching. Waiting. Searching some more. After several fruitless, frustrating years, he made the queries that brought him in contact with Sot-sirc. That was the first time Sot-sirc came to Cularin.

Within a year, Sot-sirc had completed his research and was gone again, leaving the client to find that which he sought. And he found it.

If you were in Cularin when that object was found, you know it. That was when we stopped being. The artifact is called the "darkstaff." The Jedi don't want us to know about it, but that thing - - it's what took us out of our lives for years. Picked us up and dropped us back down in the middle of a war we never asked for. Sot-sirc helped Len Markus - - that's right, Len Markus, the late Nirama's former associate - - find an artifact of the dark side that could have killed us all.

Now he's back. Sot-sirc has returned to Cularin. And I don't know about the rest of you, but after what happened the last time he visited, I'd just as soon he left again as quickly as possible.

Peace,

Insldr

Gamemaster Notes

Sot-sirc was born in the undercity of Coruscant almost forty standard years ago. His given name, Cris Tosiren, was never recorded anywhere, and he still uses it on occasion -- when the occasion isn't too painful. He has little recollection of his mother, who died when he was a toddler, and none at all of his father. As far as it goes, though, he has little recollection of anything other than the foundations of buildings, piles of trash, and flashing neon lights that made up the totality of his life for his first decade.

To survive, Sot-sirc was forced to develop a number of skills and take work with unsavory elements. He worked for slave traders and spice runners and cultists of a half-dozen different religions. He smuggled, he stole, and he became very, very adept at lying. He also began to learn to leverage information. It wasn't credits that moved things around, even on the lowest sublevels of Coruscant. It was information, and soon, Sot-sirc was cultivating relationships that would allow him to learn whatever he wanted, whenever he needed.

In person, Sot-sirc can look like almost anyone he wishes to look like. With an appropriate lab and access to the hardware and software needed to craft prosthetics, the "almost" disappears, and he can be whoever he wants. As such, it's nearly useless to describe him physically -- though he does wander out in public unadorned fairly often. He has no reason not to. Those who've met Sot-sirc and may want to do him harm have never seen his real face and should have little or no idea where to find him. He never reveals his identity when dealing with anyone who might one day be able to identify him. It's how he manages to stay so successful -- and so alive.

That being said, anyone who met Sot-sirc probably wouldn't think twice about him. He's on the tall side -- a little over 2 meters -- with thinning, yellow-blond hair and cheeks that jiggle (just a little) when he talks. His voice is soft, his eyes a bland shade of blue that seem ready to sink into their sockets and disappear. He has narrow, sloped shoulders, and a stomach that's slightly too prominent.

Sot-sirc's goals are simple. He wants to know as much as he can about as many things as he can. His problem, however, is that he's not very good at ideas. Once he finds a topic, he sticks with it, hanging on like a Mantessian Panthac with its teeth clamped to the neck of its prey. But more often than not, the topics Sot-sirc finds himself investigating are those he undertakes on behalf of clients. He's exceptional at getting into places where he shouldn't be, and remarkable at collecting every scrap of available information.

Perhaps his most valuable asset is his ability to make connections between things he's learned years apart, even rumors from the far side of the galaxy. This is also what makes him so dangerous -- nothing is wasted on Sot-sirc.